

Sirius Leads the Dawn.

SUPPOSE you get up before daylight one of these late August mornings, you will see Orion amazingly brilliant in the east, and the great Sirius just rising as if to announce the coming of the sun.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

IN the year 1785, on this date, Oliver Hazard Perry was born. He became one of the most intrepid commanders in America's young but robust navy, achieving his greatest fame in the battle of Lake Erie.

Rex Beach's Vivid Love Story

A Realistic Romance Wherein Poverty and Millions Walk Side by Side in Strange Places.

By Rex Beach.

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde," "The Barter," "Heart of the Sunset" and Numerous Other Popular Novels.

POPE rose at Adoree's entrance, eyeing her anxiously. "Is everything all right?" he cried.

"Is what all right?"

"The—er—Lorelei."

"Oh yes! What are you doing here?"

"I suppose I must apologize. You see, I heard the news and came here after the show. When I learned where you were I decided to wait—and help."

"You decided to—help?" Adoree eyed the disheveled musician queerly. "By smelting up my parlor and playing my poor piano all night—is that how you help?"

"What do you mean, 'help'?"

"The critic appeared to realize for the first time the lateness of the hour. Glancing at his watch, he gasped:

"Why, I had no idea it was this time. I've been here all night, haven't I? You see, after I got in I was afraid to go out without explaining."

"What do you mean by saying you wanted to 'help'?" Miss Demorest repeated, curiously.

"You've helped to break my lease—I'll be thrown out of this house sure."

Pope stammered, guiltily: "I was playing for Bob and Lorelei."

With one glove half off Adoree slowly seated herself, showing in her face an amazement that increased the man's embarrassment.

"I knew it was a serious matter," he explained, "and, being terribly fond of Bob and Lorelei."

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Chief Characters in This Unusual Romance

LORELEI KNIGHT—A charming and lovely girl who is brought to New York and placed on the stage by her mother who seeks to capitalize her daughter's beauty.

LILAS LYNN—A show girl who shares Lorelei's dressing room in the theater in which they act; she has won the attentions of Jarvis Hammon, a millionaire.

JIM KNIGHT—Lorelei's brother, an unprincipled youth who does his best to try to force his sister into a rich marriage to feather his own nest.

MAX MELCHER—A well known character along

Broadway whose connection with the underworld makes him a formidable figure among wrongdoers.

ROBERT WHARTON—Son of a multi-millionaire, a reckless spendthrift who is intoxicated most of the time but who has some sparks of decency in his sober moments.

ADOREE DEMOREST—A noted dancer who has startled the Metropolis by her daring exhibitions.

JOHN T. MERKLE—A rich bachelor and a lifelong friend of Hammon, whose association with Lilas he watches with anxiety.

CAMPBELL POPE—A caustic writer and critic who can see little good in stage life.

twisted mirthlessly. "Of course you don't understand. How could you? Why, it's her baby. She's a mother. I can hold it once in a while; she can hold it always."

"I didn't know you cared for children."

Adoree shrugged; the beads at her throat clicked barbarously.

"Neither did I, but I suppose every woman does if she only knew it. Tonight I began to understand what this ache inside of me means."

Her gaze came back and centered upon his face, but it was frightened and panic-stricken now. "I've sacrificed my right to children."

"How can you say—"

"Oh, you know it as well as I do!" A flush welled in the speaker's cheeks, then fled, leaving her white and weary. "You, of all men, must understand. I'm notorious. I'm a painted woman, a wicked woman—the wickedest woman in the land—and that reputation will live in spite of anything I can do."

She began to cry now in a way strange to Pope's experience, for her tears appeared, grew, and spilled themselves slowly down her cheeks, and she made no attempt to hide them. The sight

glance she disappeared into her chamber. She bathed her eyes, powdered her cheeks, patted her hair into more becoming fashion, gave a final dab of the puff upon her nose, as an expert billiard player chalks his cue. When she had quite finished she returned to the critic, who meanwhile had remained frozen in his tracks. For a moment she stood looking up at him with a peculiar, tender smile, then took him by the lapels of his shapeless coat and drew his thin face down to hers.

"I'm not going to let you back out," she declared, firmly. "You asked me, didn't you?"

"Adoree! No, no! Think what you are doing," he cried, sharply.

But she continued to smile up into his eyes with a gladness that intoxicated him.

She snuggled closer to him, murmuring, cooily: "I don't want to think—we'll have plenty of time to think when we're too old to talk. Now, I just want to love you as hard as you have been loving me for the last six months."

During the days of Lorelei's recovery Bob Wharton was in a peculiarly exultant mood. Her

ready forgiveness of his behavior did much to renew his faith in himself, beside doubling his devotion to her. He did not feel that he could ever learn to love her any more than he did, for at times the strength of his passion frightened him, but her allowance for his weakness brought them into closer touch with each other and kindled in him an aching humility that craved self-sacrifice. Dwarfing these and kindred emotions, however, was a feeling altogether new which had come with the birth of his son. At first the baby awed and frightened Bob, it oppressed him with a sense of tremendous responsibility, but on the heels of this came a dawning pride and then an insatiable curiosity. He began to spend a great deal of time with the infant; he studied it, he stared at it, when no one was looking he felt of the little fellow gingerly, and would have enjoyed examining it minutely had he dared. His hands itched for it, and its weak, straggling gurgling sent indescribable thrills through him. The easy dexterity with which the nurse handled it—as if the precious atom were a bundle

A Graphic Story of Metropolitan Stage Life and a Beautiful Girl's Great Sacrifice.

of rage—excited Bob's liveliest apprehension, and at such times he hovered near by, poised upon tip-toe for fear she might drop it. He felt that it should be borne on silken cushions while heads were bowed and backs bent rather than upon the hip or in the crook of a careless elbow. When he ventured to voice this feeling to his wife he was offended at her amusement, and for a whole day tortured himself with the suspicion that the child's mother did not truly love it.

To all young fathers there comes a certain readjustment of values. To Bob, who had always led a selfish, thoughtless existence, it was at first bewildering to discover that his place at the head of his household had been usurped by another. Heretofore he had always been of supreme domestic importance, but now the order of things was completely reversed, if not hopelessly jumbled. First in consequence came this new person, tiny and vastly tyrannical because of its helplessness, then the nurse, an awesome person—a sort of oracle and regent combined—who ruled in the name of the new ruler, her slightest wish was law, and her, Nurse's wisdom was unbounding next to her in authority was a fat, bearded prime minister, who daily came and went in an automobile and who wrote edicts on a little pad. This person's frown threw the entire establishment into confusion. Lorelei herself occupied no mean station in the new scheme, for at least she shared the confidence of the nurse and the doctor, and ranked above the cook and the housemaid, but not so Bob. Some-

where at the foot of the list he found his own true place.

Now, strange to say, this novel arrangement was extremely agreeable to the deposed ruler. Bob took a shameless delight in doing menial service; to fetch and to carry for all hands filled him with joy. But once outside of the premises he reasserted himself, and his importance grew as gas expands; he swelled to the bursting point, he strutted, he grinned, he was broadly tolerant, and more than once he startled total strangers by laughing hilariously at nothing. When he could not talk, he whistled in tune to the singing voices within him. But it was seldom indeed that he could not talk, and before long his intimate friends began to avoid him like a plague. It was his partner, Kurtz, who finally dubbed him "The Pestilence that talketh in darkness and the Destruction that wasteth our noon-days."

Scarcely less interested in the new baby was Campbell Pope. Pope, in fact, was becoming interested in almost everything of late. He was growing youthful, too, in a way that vaguely alarmed his acquaintances. His cynicism was disappearing, his dramatic reviews began to assume a commendatory tone that all but destroyed their journalistic value.

When Lorelei had recovered sufficiently to receive visitors, the two lovers appeared one afternoon laden with packages.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Rhyming Optimist

Aline Michaelis

The Shrinking Earth.

WHEN Columbus went sailing, folks thought he was sailing, they said: "Something's wrong with his head; he will not find a landing for ships he's commanding, but sail over earth's border, instead."

For men then had scant notions of islands or oceans, and their maps of the countries were queer.

Earth was flat, they insisted, and they stoutly resisted the folly that called it a sphere.

Though today 'twould amaze you, the people in Asia knew nothing of folks in Peru; races stayed in their corner like little Jack Horner and said corner was all that they knew.

But, in spite of contentions, their countless inventions have conquered the sea and the air; while men's foreheads grow taller, the earth's getting smaller, as they cut down the miles here and there.

When Columbus went sailing, folks said, "He'll be falling and his ships will fall off into space!"

Now men laugh at such folly and declare that it's jolly to go up in the air for a race. But the best of inventions to shrink earth's dimensions and to burn up the distance like chaff, is the latest in wireless, so clever and tireless, the busy young radiograph! It has cut down the hours between foreign powers, brought cheer to the loneliest souls; it has made people neighbors in laughter and labors, though they dwell far apart as the poles. In the youth of our planet, wise old chaps used to scan it, exclaiming in wonder and awe; but through ages of thinking they've kept old earth shrinking, till today it's its size of a tau!

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

EVERY WOMAN CAN HAVE PRETTY HANDS

By Lucrezia Bori

By Lucrezia Bori.

A Member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Admired for Her Beauty as Well as for Her Art.

DO you know that your hands may serve as indicators of your age?

As old as the idea that a beautiful hand is a sign of beauty is the belief that the age of their owner can be judged by the condition of the hands.

Any woman who reads this and is at all interested in her personal appearance will immediately take a cursory survey of her hands and wonder what she can do to improve their appearance.

Does the cuticle stand back from your nails or does it overgrow them in a straggling, clumsy manner?

Do your hands conform to the lovely fibrous shape so admired by beauty specialists? Do they reveal a perfectly shaped half-moon at the base?

Are your hands firm and white and lovely in appearance, or do they look undernourished and ill cared for?

These are some of the questions you can ask yourself in your attempt to get a good general idea of the beauty condition of your hands. It will help you to see them with the impartial eye of another.

This reminds me of a sign in a small dry-cleaning shop which I often pass. They clean household furnishings and display a card advising the passer-by: "Judge your home with the critical eye of a visitor."

In judging your own personal appearance, and in particular the appearance of your hands, it is well to judge them with an eye which is critical. If you find them wanting, start now to bring them

to the condition which will make you proud of their beauty.

Whenever you wash your hands, use warm water, not hot, and good, pure soap. At one of these hand-washings, whether it be in the morning or at night, soak your nails in a good, warm, soapy lather for four or five minutes. As you dry your hands thoroughly with a soft, clean towel, push the cuticle back very carefully all around the base of your nail.

A nail brush is indispensable. Use it on your nails in the morning and you will probably need no other cleansing instrument. If the brush does not accomplish all that is desired, never, never use a sharp instrument to clean your nail. Take your orange stick, wrap a bit of cotton about it and dip the cotton in peroxide of hydrogen. This will clean your nail without hurting it.

You may need nail polishers to keep your nails properly trimmed at the corners. Use them with the shortening process should be done with your file.

A bit of nail powder and a soft chamomile-covered buffer will impart the lustre which pronounces them well groomed. Do not give them too high a lustre.

The following lotion I find excellent to bleach and soften the hands. It is soothing to apply at night before going to bed:

Lemon Juice.....1 ounce
Honey.....1 ounce
Eau de Cologne.....1 ounce

If your hands need nourishing and filling out, rub cocoa butter into them thoroughly before retiring. Use a vigorous, lathering movement, as if you were washing them with soap and water.

Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk

MY third cousin has rote a grate opy in Scotland, sed Ma to Pa wen he calm hoam last nite.

Yure third cousin? sed Pa. How fine, sed Ma.

Yes, sed Ma, his naim is Eugene Brittelwurst, sed Ma, he is sum kind of third cousin. I think he gets his gennys from deer old days, sed Ma.

Fine, sed Pa aggen. I bet he wont speak to you now, sed Pa.

How silly, sed Ma. There is not one con-sected hair in the red of anybody on our side of the family, sed Ma. I know Eugene will be jest a big, romping boy, no matter how much Fame he may git, sed Ma.

He was romping wen he was here, O. K., sed Pa. While he was romping, sed Pa, he romped away with twenty beans of mine I loded him to get his dress sute out of Hock, sed Pa. Maybe now he will kick in with that twenty, sed Pa, though most gennys kick out befor they kick in, sed Pa.

There you set, raving about a miserabl small sum of munny wen you have jest herd that one of my family has done sumthing reely grate, sed Ma. You are most pro-vo-king at times, sed Ma.

Bobbie, sed Pa, wen you grow up & go running around with a bulgering hankroll, sed Pa, beewair of gennys. Remember the words of yure old dad, Bobbie, sed Pa.

I do not believe he borrowed twenty from you, sed Ma. You are joking.

Am I? sed Pa. You jest rite & menshun that twenty to him, sed Pa, & see if I am joking.

Anyway, he has added fame to our family naim, sed Ma, & I would forgive him for any munny matter in which he may have been careless in, sed Ma.

If you rite & ask him for that twenty I will give you fifteen of it, sed Pa.

Will you, dearest? sed Ma. Then I shall rite him this very nite, sed Ma. He must be makin lots of munny now, sed Ma, & I think it is a sham that he shud be keep in yure hard-earned munny from you. I will tell him wure to head in, sed Ma. I will show him. At what are you you grinning at? sed Ma.

At you, sed Pa, to think that you cud git so angry at one of yure own side of the family, sed Pa.

But I have a rite to the munny, sed Ma, he can well afford to pay it, the retch, sed Ma, jest wait till you see the letter I rite him.

No matter how grate or famus people are, if they owe munny it aint best it is a Knock to them. I bet that will be a fierce letter wich Ma sends to Mister Eugene Brittelwurst.

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THE CHILD LEADERS

EACH CHILD HAS LEADERSHIP POSSIBILITIES

By W. A. McKeever

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

EVERY normal child has somewhere within his make-up the possibilities of leadership. Parents may watch for this vein of strength, discover its relation to the whole character of the individual boy or girl and make it a factor in service and happiness.

A supposedly backward nine-year-old boy was taking a back seat in everything till there came the occasion for making kites for a play tournament. At this he proved such a genius and natural leader that the teacher made him the instructor of all the others.

A ten-year-old girl, who showed no aggressiveness in school and waited for prompting in everything, was seen at a back-lawn play center acting beautifully as the little mother of a dozen smaller children, who deferred to her wishes and plans in all respects.

A high school youth, shy and reticent to a fault, and never even approaching the chairmanship of an ordinary occasion, suddenly sprang into prominence at a party by his unique and finished performance on the piano. In that new setting and rearrangement of his young friends he was easily the master.

So, we might go on down the line of ordinary boys and girls and find a basis of possible leadership in practically every one. And our particular contention here is that

this resident force in the individual child should have a parent or friend to discover it and arrange for it to assert itself.

Too often the child which we regard as a "natural leader" is a brazen, overbearing type which very much needs curbing and directing. This young boss among the children is likely to develop into the selfish political boss among the adult society of the future. Do not suppress wholly your aggressive, political ruler type of child. Merely teach him to use his leadership talent unselfishly.

Talk the matter over frequently with your reticent child. Explain to him the meaning of his dominant talent. Urge that he has both a right and a duty to assume the place of leadership in situations where he is easily the most apt or skilled of the group.